

The Tragedie

Onely referu'd their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his pittreous, and vnp tried end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euey dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catine crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

of Richard

Now thy proud necke, beares
From which, euen here, I slip
And leaue the burthen of it all
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene
These English woes, will make

Qu. O thou well skild in cur
And teach me how to curse mi

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleep
Compare dead happinesse with
Thinke that thy babes were fair
And he that slew them fowler
Bettring thy losse makes the ba
Reuoluing this, will reach thee

Qu. My words are dull, O qu

Qu. Ma. Thy woes will make

Dut. Why should calamitie b

Qu. Windie atturnies to you
Aerie succeders of intestate io
Poore breathing orators of mis
Let them haue scope, though wh
Helpe not at all, yet do they eas

Dut. If so, then be not toong
And in the breath of bitter wor
My damned sonne, which thy t
I heare his drum, he copious in

Enter King Richard m
and I r

King. Who intercepts my ex
Dut. A she, that might haue
By strangling thee in her accur
From all the slaughtes wretch

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehe
Where should be grauen, if tha
The slaughter of the Prince tha
And the dire death of my two
Tell me thou villaine slave, whe